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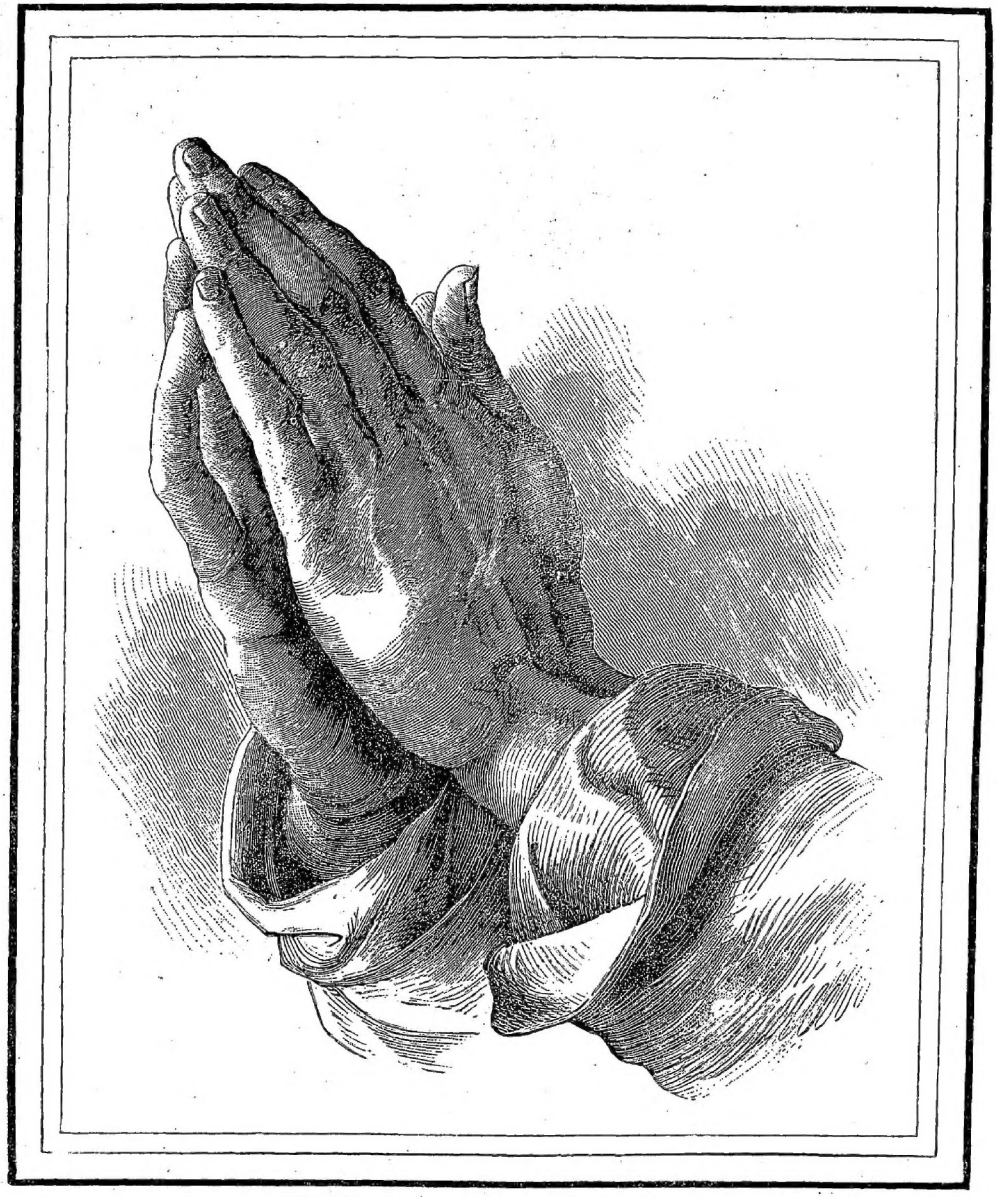


FOLDED HANDS. From the painting by Albert Durer.

ALBERT DURER'S FOLDED HANDS.

BY REV. C. S. ROBINSON, D.D.

Two boys, Franz Knigstein and Albert Durer, once lived together in Nuremberg; they were going to be artists and had entered Michael Wohlgemuth's study for instruction. The parents of both were poor, and were struggling to keep their sons at their work until they should be able to take care of themselves. Of these two pupils the master knew that Albert possessed genius, but Franz would never make a painter of whom men would be proud. But both were industrious and frugal and affectionate. They loved each other tenderly, and were kind and faithful unto all at home.

Years passed on; one went to Italy, the other continued study in Germany. Erelong Franz married, and bye-and-bye Albert, and the old people died, and times were hard and art was dull. Albert feared that Franz had not the artist spirit and could never succeed. Once they planned together to make an etching of the Passion of our Lord. When they came to show each other what had been accomplished the picture of Franz was cold and lifeless, while that of Albert was full of beauty. Franz himself saw it then. He was in middle life, and so far he knew he had been a failure. He must give it up. He could not be successful as an artist. But he did not complain; only for a passionate moment he buried his face in his hands. Then he said in broken tones, though still full of courage,

"The good Lord gave me no such gift as this, but he has something yet for me to do, some homely work shall be found for me. I was blind so long, so much time I have lost; be you the artist of Nuremberg, and I—"

"O Franz, be quiet an instant!" exclaimed Albert, and a quick rush was made to the paper before him on the table. Only a few lines with a swift pencil. Franz thought he was adding another stroke to his etching, and waited patiently, leaning over the mantel with his fingers twined and clasped. And then, next day, Albert showed his friend the sheet.

"Why, those are only my own hands," said Franz; "where did you get them?"

And there was hardly need of an answer.

"I took them as you stood making the sad surrender of your life so very, very bravely, and I murmured to myself, 'those hands that may never paint a picture can now most certainly make one.' I have faith in those folded hands, my brother-friend. They will go to men's hearts in the years to come."

And sure enough the prophecy was true. For over the artistic world has gone the tale, and over the worlds of love and duty has gone the picture, and the "Folded Hands," by Albert Durer, are but the hands of Franz Knigstein once folded in sweet, brave resignation when he gave up his dearest wish, and yet believed the good Lord had a homely duty for him to do worth the doing.

That is the picture which hangs up over my table, and has hung there for years, a mere copy of an etching that belongs in the gallery of Vienna. What it means is there are some things, my Christian friend, you and I cannot do. But there are others we can do, and we can always do something towards accomplishing a preparation for some one else to finish, and what matters all the disappointment to us, if only the dear Lord gets the glory!—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

"He Who Waits until he can do a great deal of good at once will never do any at all." The mistake of "despising the day of small things," of neglecting the thousand and one little opportunities for a kind word, or charitable action, is one to which the best of us are liable. An apt lesson in the value and right use of "that which is least" is furnished by the scholars of the College School, Saltley, who (as described in the Birmingham *Weekly Post*) a few months ago, began to collect the waste paper about the school grounds and neighborhood, and with the proceeds of its sale have formed a fund for the benefit of the Children's Hospital. Such a plan, which serves the double purpose of relieving the afflicted and promoting thrift among the youthful donors, is both worthy and easy of imitation.

THE PASTOR'S CALL.

"Good morning, Mrs. Minty!" observed the pastor, as the door opened to his knock.

The door seemed to have a surly way with it, and opened scarcely wide enough to let the pastor in, although Mrs. Minty invited him to enter, and brushing some invisible dust from a chair with her apron asked *him to sit down.*

The pastor saw at a glance that Mrs. Minty was not pleased, but he could not surmise what was the matter. He had accidentally heard that day of the sickness of her daughter, and at the first opportunity called to see the young girl. Not seeming to notice the mother's manner, he said, "I hear that Miss Maria is sick."

"Yes! and she might ha' died for all she's seen of you!" replied Mrs. Minty, with an energy that almost shook the pastor out of his seat. The pastor was a meek man, and overlooking the rudeness of her reply, he asked, "How long she been sick?"

"Two weeks, and over," said the mother.

"Have you had a physician?" inquired the pastor.

"Had a physician? What a question! Why the girl has been almost dead! I wonder you got here before she was dead! Had a physician!"

These last words Mrs. Minty fairly ground out between her teeth with ill-suppressed scorn. It now became evident that Mrs. Minty, on each day of her daughter's sickness, and the pastor's delay in calling, had added to her wrath, and it had now reached a degree of intensity that suggested strategy or flight. The pastor resolved to try the former first.

"Ah! you have had a physician!" he observed. "How did he happen to call?"

"How did he happen to call? Well, did any one ever hear such a question as that?"

"Perhaps some one told him Miss Maria was sick, or perhaps he was passing and dropped in," interjected the pastor.

"Do you suppose I'd let my own daughter lie sick in the house and not send for the doctor?" fairly screeched Mrs. Minty.

"Ah, *you* sent for him?" said the pastor.

"Do you think he'd come if we didn't send for him? How'd he know Maria was sick?" replied the mother, looking at the pastor as though she pitied his stupidity.

"Do you always send for the physician when you want him?" asked the pastor with provoking mildness.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Minty. "What do you ask such questions as that for."

"I did not know," said the pastor, "but that as you expected the clergyman to find out as best he could that your daughter was sick, without sending for him, you might do the same with the physician."

Something had been gradually dawning upon the mind of Mrs. Minty, which the last words of the pastor, uttered with inimitable good nature, resolved into a full intellectual sunrise. Her severe face relaxed into a broad smile, "Ha, I see!" she exclaimed. "I thought them was mighty queer questions. Well, I guess I had ought to ha' sent for you, too, seeing as how I sent for the doctor. And you didn't know Maria was sick?"

"No," observed the pastor. "If I had, I should certainly have called before this. I accidentally heard of her illness this morning for the first time."

"Well, really, I hope you'll excuse me! Step this way; Maria's in the back room; she'll be all sorts of glad to see you!"—*St. John's Chronicle.*

The Straightforward and outspoken course, which nails its colors to the mast, is always the easiest and safest and best. A midshipman, who was about to leave the sailors' home, where he had been converted, came to the superintendent on the day of going on board, and asked him to write on a card, in plain bold characters, the words, "I am a Christian." When he was asked his object, he said, "As soon as I get on board I shall go to my hammock, and put this card where everybody can see it; it will save a lot of trouble, for everyone will know at once which side I am on, and will expect me to keep true to it." This is raising the heap of witness.

Only let us have faith in God, and we shall not lack the means of doing good.—*Andrew Fuller.*

TEMPERANCE ARITHMETIC.

Please work out this problem and think it over:—

There are 600,000 drunkards in the United States. How many cities of 40,000 inhabitants each would these drunkards form?

(*a*) If a family spends 15 cents a day for beer, how much is expended in four weeks? (*b*) How many loaves of bread, at 10 cents a loaf, could be bought for the same money?

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON I.—JULY 1.

GOD'S COVENANT WITH ISRAEL.—Ex. 24: 1-12.

COMMIT VERSES 7, 8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people.—Heb. 8-10.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God's covenant with his people, and their covenant with God.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Ex. 20: 1-26.
T. Ex. 21: 1-36.
W. Ex. 22: 1-31.
Th. Ex. 23: 1-33.
F. Ex. 24: 1-18.
Sa. Heb. 8: 1 13.
Su. Heb. 9: 11-21.

THE BOOK OF EXODUS.—

THE TITLE.—Exodus means *departure*, or *going out*, from the chief event of the book.

THE AUTHOR.—Moses.

CHARACTERISTICS.—Genesis is the book of Creation: Exodus is the book of Redemption. It sets forth the redemption of Israel from Egypt as a type of man's redemption from sin.

TIME.—May, 1491 B. C. Soon after the giving of the law from Sinai, our last lessons in the Old Testament a year ago.

PLACE.—The valley of Er Rahah, before Mount Sinai. The plain contains about 400 acres and slopes towards a precipitous cliff 2000 feet above the plain, and 6330 above the sea level.

THE NUMBER of the Israelites was about 2,000,000, of which 600,000 were grown men (Num. 1: 46).

INTRODUCTION.—We now take up the Old Testament lessons where we left them a year ago, just after the giving of the law from Sinai.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. *And he said:* this really joins on Ex. 20: 21, at which point the Book of the Covenant is given, including chap. 20: 22 to the end of chap. 23: It contains 70 practical precepts, with promises and warnings. *Aaron:* Moses' older brother, afterwards high priest. *Nadab and Abihu:* the two oldest sons of Aaron. *Elders:* leading men, heads of families. *Worship afar off:* Moses was called to the top of the mount, these elders went part way up the mount. The record of their obedience to this command is in v. 9. 3. *All the words of the Lord:* the ten commandments and the Book of the Covenant (chaps. 20-23), which was the application of the commandments to conduct. These were the first laws of the nation, preparatory to the fuller law given afterwards. *Judgments:* laws, statutes by which to judge. *With one voice:* unanimously. 4. *Under the hill:* the cliff of Sinai. 5. *Burnt offerings:* animals wholly consumed on the altar, a type of atonement and of dedication to God. *Peace offerings:* of animals or food, partly burnt on the altar, and partly eaten by the priests and offerers. 6. *Sprinkled on the altar:* the representative of God, indicating that he would fulfill his part of the covenant. 8. *Sprinkled it on the people:* the elders representing the people. This was like an oath that they would fulfil their part of the covenant by obedience under penalty of their life, as the animals had been slain. 10. *And they saw the God of Israel:* some appearance like the Shekinah. Some glorious manifestation, such as Moses saw once on the mount. 11. *Nobles:* the elders. *He laid not his hand:* He did not harm them by his presence. *Saw God and did eat and drink:* as at a feast where God was present. Showing that God was their friend and protector.

SUBJECT: GOD'S COVENANT WITH HIS PEOPLE.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE BOOK OF THE COVENANT.—Where were the ten commandments given? (19: 17, 18.) What book of laws was given at the same time? (20: 22 to 23: 33.) What can you tell about this Book of the Covenant? What were some of the promises to obedience? (Ex. 23: 20-31.) What is our Book of the Covenant?

II. THE COVENANT BETWEEN GOD AND HIS PEOPLE (vs. 3-8).—What did Moses declare to the people? How did the people respond? Describe the circumstances under which the people entered into covenant with God? What was the object of the sacrifices and blood-sprinkling: What did God agree to do on his part? (Ex. 23? 20-31.) What did the people promise to do on their part?

III. THE VISION OF GOD (vs. 1, 2, 9-12).—How many went up with Moses part way into the mount? Who was Aaron? Who were Nadab and Abihu? the elders? What did they see? Give some examples of other like visions. (Ex. 33: 18-23; 1 Kings 19: 11-13; Isa. 6: 1-7; Ezek. 43: 2-7; 2 Cor. 12: 1-4.) What good would this vision of God do them? Meaning of "they saw God, and did eat and drink?" Could it have had some such meaning as the Lord's Supper? How would it teach the nearness of God? the love and friendship of God? the possible holiness of daily life? Why were the commandments written upon tables of stone? (v. 12.)

IV. NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT ON OLD TESTAMENT THEMES.—What covenant should we make with God. (Rom. 12: 1, 2.) What does God covenant to do for us? (Heb. 8: 8-10; 10: 16.) Why is this called a new covenant? What is the sacrifice in this new covenant? (Heb. 9: 13, 14.) What blessing will follow from keeping this covenant? (Heb. 13: 20, 21; 1 John 5: 11, 12; Rev. 22: 14.) Give some other examples of visions of God. (1) Acts 7: 55, 56. (2) Acts 9: 3-6. (3) 2 Cor. 12: 1-4. (4) Rev. 1: 9-18.

LESSON II.—JULY 8.

THE GOLDEN CALF.—Ex. 32: 15-26.

COMMIT VERSES 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Little children, keep yourselves from idols.—1 John 5: 21.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The sin and danger of forsaking God.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Ex. 32: 1-14.
T. Ex. 32: 15-26.
W. Ex. 32: 27-35.
Th. Deut. 9: 1-21.
F. Rom. 1: 18-25.
Sa. Matt. 6: 19-33.
Su. 2 *King* 17: 7-20.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

THE GOLDEN CALF. The people became weary of waiting for their absent leader. They had also only an invisible God. Therefore they entreated Aaron to make them an image, so that they *might have a visible object of worship*, like their former neighbors, and might have the same wild revelries. Aaron collected their golden earrings and made a golden calf, or young ox, as an image to Jehovah, not as another god. Around this image they sang and danced and feasted and drank. 15. *And Moses turned:* after God had told him what was going on in the valley. *Tables:* Tablets. 17. *And Joshua:* the son of Nun, who afterwards succeeded Moses. He was part way up the mount (24: 13). 18. *Them that sing:* the boisterous songs of revelry. 19. *Moses' anger* (or indignation) *waxed* (grew) *hot:* he was intensely indignant at the people for forsaking so glorious a God, whom only a few weeks before they had promised to serve. The good must be indignant at those who ruin themselves and others by sin. *Brake them:* an emblem of the broken law, a symbol of what the people had done, breaking their solemn covenant with God. 20. *Strewed it upon the water:* of the brook Moses brought from the mount and from which they drank (Ex. 17: 6; Deut. 9: 21). *Made . . . drink of it:* for they had nothing else to drink. 25. *The people were naked:* either they had partly disrobed for dancing, or they were *broken loose*, as in Rev. Ver., from all restraint, and were riotous, disorderly. 26. *Gate of the camp;* which had probably been fortified after the attack of the Amalekites (Ex. 17: 8-13). There was probably an open space there. *The sons of Levi:* Moses' own tribe. Many also probably returned to their tents; but the worst ones, those who were turbulent and disobedient, remained, and these 3,000 were slain before the riot was quelled.

SUBJECT: IDOLATRY AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE GOLDEN CALF; IDOL WORSHIP (vs. 15-19). What discouraged the people? (32: 1, 23.) What did they ask Aaron to do for them? What did he make? Which of the commandments did this break? In what way did the people worship the idol? (32: 6, 18, 19.) Were this revelry, and the feasting, and drinking among the attractions of idolatry? How could they do this so soon after their solemn promise to obey God? How did Moses learn what the people were doing? (32: 7, 8, 18.)

What idols do men make for themselves now? What are idols of the heart? (Ezek. 14: 3, 4, 7.) Is anything that we love more than God an idol? How are these modern idols worshipped? Is it as foolish to worship money, or pleasure, or fame as to worship a golden calf?

II. VAIN EXCUSES (vs. 19-24).—What did Moses do when he saw the people dancing around the idol? Was it right for him to be indignant? (Eph. 4-26.) What did his breaking the tables of the law signify? What did he say to Aaron? What excuses did Aaron give? What should Aaron have done? Are the threats or entreaties of others an excuse for our sinning? What shows Moses' great courage?

III. WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE (vs. 25, 26).—What is meant by "naked" in v. 25? What decision did Moses call upon the people to make? Would it be difficult for a few to come out against the great multitude? In what ways must we answer the question, "Who is on the Lord's side?" Can we help taking sides? (Matt. 12: 30.) Who came to Moses' side?

IV. THE PUNISHMENT OF IDOLATRY.—What was the first punishment Moses inflicted? (v. 20.) What was the object of this? How were the obstinate ones punished? (v. 27.) How many perished? (v. 28.) What will become of all who choose idols instead of the living God?

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Third Quarter, 1888.)

1. **July 1.—God's Covenant with Israel.—Ex. 24: 1-12.**
2. **July 8.—The Golden Calf.—Ex. 32: 15.26.**
3. July 15.—God's Presence Promised.—Ex. 33: 12-23.
4. July 22.—Free Gifts for the Tabernacle.—Ex. 35: 20-29.
5. July 29.—The Tabernacle.—Ex. 40: 1-16.
6. Aug. 5.—The Burnt Offering.—Lev. 1: 1-9.
7. Aug. 12.—The Day of Atonement.—Lev. 16: 1-16.
8. Aug 19.—The feast of Tabernacles.—Lev. 23: 33-44.
9. Aug. 26.—The Pillar of Cloud and of Fire.—Num. 9: 15-23.
10. Sept. 2.—The Spies sent into Canaan.—Num. 13: 17-33.
11. Sept. 9.—The Unbelief of the People.—Num. 14: 1-10.
12. Sept. 16.—The Smitten Rock.—Num. 20: 1-13
13. Sept. 23.—Death and Burial of Moses.—Deut. 31: 1-12.
14. Sept. 30.—Review, Temperance, Deut. 21: 18-21, and Missions.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

CARE OF BEDROOMS.

BY MRS. C. T. HERRICK.

To begin with, the maid must be informed that because bed-making is a daily recurring duty is no cause for its being slurred over or hurried through. Rather is it a demand for added attention. She must learn that the right way to make a bed is not to straighten the under sheet with a few vigorous twitches, bring up the other covers with an energetic sweep of the arm, smooth up the spread, and adorn the completed work with a pair of gorgeous pillow-shams pinned on over mussed or musty pillows. Nor can the neatness of the rest of the chamber be achieved by half a dozen flirts of a feather duster, the filling of the pitcher with fresh water, and the emptying the slops. Yet this is all that many bedrooms receive even from the girl who engages herself as a "professed chamber-maid." One may possibly tolerate such treatment in a hotel or boarding-house, but in one's home better things may surely be expected.

The first item of the bed-making is demanded from the occupant of the couch. Her duty it is, immediately upon rising, to throw back the covers over the foot of the bed on to a couple of chairs placed there for that purpose. They should never be tossed in a heap on the floor to gather dust from the carpet or matting. The mattress should then be half turned, that the air may get at both sides of it, and the windows opened at top and bottom, admitting a sluice of the fresh outer atmosphere. Even in the coldest weather this should be done for a few minutes, while in summer the bed should stand uncovered for at least an hour before making. The habit of leaving one's room in perfect order when one goes to breakfast is not commendable as far as the bed is concerned. The other re-arrangement necessary may be done then, but the couch should be left stripped until the unpleasant vapors generated by the body during the night have been dispersed and the bed thoroughly sweetened.

When the bed is made, the mattress should be laid with the side above that was below the night before. Over this comes the mattress cover of unbleached muslin, with its filling of a single layer of cotton batting. This must be drawn very closely over the mattress, and snugly tucked in at the sides, top, and bottom. The undersheet can hardly be pulled too tightly. Upon this smooth drawing and firm binding of the bed by the covers depends the symmetry of the whole. Not a wrinkle must be suffered to show. What seems but a slight fold in sheet or blanket is a serious blemish as outlined under the white spread.

The ordinary housemaid is with difficulty deterred from putting on the blankets upside down. By what process of the uncultured mind the idea is evolved that the opening should be at the bottom rather than at the top it would be hard to say. The spread that covers all may be of plain white cotton or an expensive combination of satin and lace. Whatever it is, it should be clean and unrumpled, and to preserve these qualities it must be removed every night, neatly folded, and laid aside. Added warmth may be furnished by the misnamed comfortable, or by a duvet or afghan, laid folded across the foot of the bed in the daytime and drawn up at night. Cheap blankets of mixed cotton and wool, or the simple coverlets made of cream or colored cheese-cloths, filled with batting and tufted with worsted in the style of the little duvets used for babies, are preferable to the heavy chintz quilts, whose weight alone is almost enough to produce nightmare.

Tastes differ as to the style of counterpane to be used. The white is always neat, and is in reality the most serviceable, because it may be made to look as good as new by its passage through the hands of the laundress. Indeed, Marseilles spreads, if properly done up, improve with repeated washings. They lose thus that stiffness which shows a misfold nearly as plainly as would a sheet of paper, and renders it all but impossible to draw them smoothly and evenly across the bed. The counterpane should never be spread up over the bolster, but turned back neatly just below this, and the upper sheet folded back over it. By this method the spread may be taken off at night, and the top of the sheet left undisturbed to protect the sleeper's face from contact with the unpleasant woolliness of the blankets. Nor should the lower sheet serve as an excuse for dispensing with a bolster-slip. This is as necessary to comfort as are pillow-slips, and should never be omitted.

In old Virginia a "bed-stick" was considered an essential. A little longer than the couch was wide, it was used to smooth up the coverings from the foot to the head. A broomstick answers the purpose tolerably, and aids in producing a trimness of finish otherwise hard to attain.

On the question of shams there are varying opinions. They are ornamental, but troublesome, and only serve, so say some, to conceal untidiness. Many housekeepers prefer to keep two pairs of pillow-cases and two bolster-slips in use, employing one set for day and the other for night, while other women have day pillows and night pillows, either laying the latter on the foot of the bed in the day-time, or keeping them out of sight in a closet. If shams are used, however, the sheet sham is as valuable as those for the pillows, concealing the top of the sheet when it has become tumbled. The sheets, by-the-way, should be long enough to be drawn up over the shoulders of the occupant of the bed. Cause for acute discomfort is found in short sheets that cannot be pulled up to the chin without uncovering the feet. Sheets should be of a length that will permit of their being tucked in well at the foot of the bed, and yet allow enough to turn back six inches at the top over the blankets.

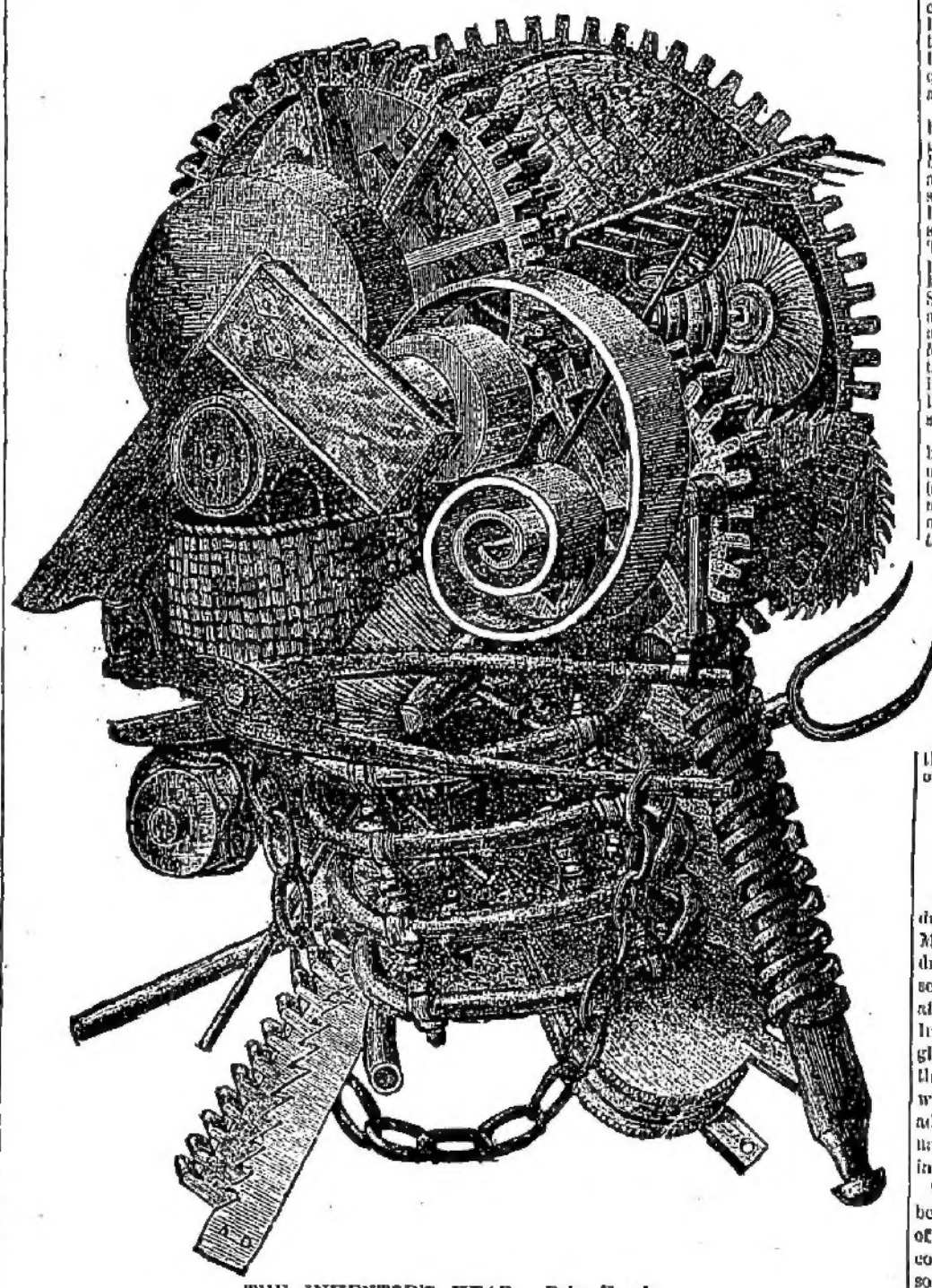
The rest of the chamber should be submitted to the same close attention that has been bestowed upon the bed. The washstand requires especial care. The pitchers must be washed and wiped out every morning to prevent an accumulation of sediment and consequent stain. The bowl must be scrubbed clean of the grease that gathers on the inside of it, and the soap-dish washed—the latter a rare action among house-maids. The receptacles for slops should be scalded out with boiling water and washing soda or household ammonia, and set in the sun uncovered for an hour or two. The top of the wash-stand should be spread with a cloth, towel, or bamboo mat. The towels, which should have been left opened out until dry by those who used them, should be folded neatly and hung in their places on the rack.

A dust-pan and brush or a carpet-sweeper will be required nearly every morning in a sleeping-room. The dust must be brushed from the corners, and the rugs shaken from the window. If a thorough sweeping is required, all articles that cannot be carried from the room should be protected by cheese-cloth sweeping sheets. In dusting, a cheese-cloth duster should be used, and all bric-a-brac and furniture carefully wiped. Loose hairs, scraps of paper, etc., should be removed from the bureau, and the cover of this shaken and replaced. No pieces of clothing should be left lying about the room.

Each chamber closet should have a shoe-bag hung on the inside of the door. Nothing detracts more from the tidiness of a room than the sight of boots and slippers scattered about the floor. By the bureau or in the closet should hang a small laundry-bag for soiled handkerchiefs, collars, and cuffs. Little brass screw-hooks fastened here and there for whisk-broom, catch-all, hand-glass, button-hook, and other toilette implements that can be hung up out of the way will also prove almost indispensable. Similar hooks by the wash-stand will hold sponges, sponge-bags, and wash-cloths.

If there are draperies in a bedroom they should be well shaken each morning while the windows are open, to rid them of possible lurking disease germs. When the room is swept, it is well to unhook the curtains from the rings and give them an air and sun bath of half an hour.

The chamber-maid should be instructed to go to each chamber in the evening, strip the bed and turn the covers half down, close the blinds, bring in fresh water, and if necessary replenish the stock of towels. The mistress will find an occasional glance at the work not amiss.—*Harper's Bazar.*



THE INVENTOR'S HEAD. Prize Puzzle.

PLAIN PUDDINGS.

By Catherine Armstrong.

Take one coffee-cup full of sago, rinse off in cold water, then add one pint of cold water, and heat moderately over the fire, stirring frequently, adding boiling water as it may require, till about the consistency of thick starch, and very transparent. Then add one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, a little grated nutmeg, a little butter, and pour all over the quart of tart apples, that have been pared and quartered, into a pudding-dish. Bake nearly an hour, or until the apples are soft. Serve with milk or cream, and sugar. This dessert is good either hot or cold, and the cost will not be over twenty-five cents.

Every family is apt to accumulate stale bread. Some of it can be disposed of in this way: crumb with the hands about four slices, put a layer of sliced, tart apples in the bottom of a pudding-dish, then a layer of bread-crumbs, then a sprinkling of ground cinnamon, bits of butter, a large spoonful of sugar, and a little salt; then another layer of apples, bread and seasoning, till the pudding-dish is full, having bread on the top. Over all pour one pint of boiling water, and bake in a moderate oven one hour. Some use milk in preference to water, but water gives the most desirable result. It is important to cover this while baking, and it is very good without sauce. The cost is less than twenty cents. To a pudding-dish half full of stale bread-crumbs add one egg, two-thirds cup of sugar, a little salt and nutmeg, and half a cup or more of raisins. Over all pour one quart of boiling milk, and bake forty minutes in a quick oven. This will hardly cost fifteen cents.

Take six good-sized sound apples, pare and halve and core them, and roll up each half in a good crust paste, same as for pies, and bake till brown, and serve with a good sauce, and you have a dessert that really costs little, but is really rich, substantial and satisfying....Or, pare and slice half-a-dozen greenings into a two-quart pail, add sugar, salt, butter and flavoring to the taste. Then make a crust as for biscuit, and roll, and put on the top. Put on the pail cover, set in a kettle of water and steam briskly for two hours. Serve with hard sauce. It should be served from a platter—turned out so as to be upside down—apples on the top. The rule for the crust is as follows: two cups of flour, one level spoonful of butter, a little salt, one full teaspoonful of Royal baking powder, and milk to roll out. This is always light and good. The apples red from slow, long steaming.

A most satisfactory molasses cake, or "gingerbread" is made after this wise: To one spoonful of melted butter add one half pint of molasses (not syrup) and two teaspoonfuls of ground cinnamon. Dissolve one level teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in half a pint of boiling water. Mix with the molasses and stir in half a pound (half a pint) of flour. Line a cake-pan with buttered paper, pour in the mixture, which will be very thin, and bake about half an hour, or until a straw can be run into it, and drawn out clean—a good-sized cake, costing not over ten cents.

To Drive Away Rats.—Chloride of lime is an infallible preventive, as rats flee from its odor as from a pestilence. It should be thrown down their holes, and spread about wherever they are likely to come. It should be renewed once a fortnight.

PUZZLES—No. 13.

PRIZE PUZZLE.

Some sixty years ago, the story goes, a young draughtsman in Philadelphia named William Mason who devoted himself to the work of making drawings to accompany applications for patents, set to work to make himself a sign that would attract the attention of inventors to his office. In a little while he produced the above curious conglomeration which he placed in his window under the title of "The Inventor's Head," and we can well believe that it answered its purpose most admirably. How many of our young people can name all the articles of which this wonderful inventor's head is composed?

To the boy or girl under eighteen who sends us before the 20th of August the most complete list of all the well-known mechanical implements comprising this strange head we will give a handsome illustrated copy of the

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JAMES NASMYTH

the man who revolutionized the mechanical world by his invention of the steam hammer. The volume cannot be got in bound form for less than $1.50 and it will prove a most valuable addition to the library of the boy or girl who wins it.

The answers must be written on one side of the paper only, and contain the sender's full name, age, and address in the upper right-hand corner of the first page.

In judging the answers good penmanship and neatness will be taken into consideration as well as correctness. For instance, suppose two sets of answers should be quite correct. If one is well written and neat, and the other badly written and untidy, and carelessly addressed, of course the judges will award the prize for the first.

All answers should be addressed, "Prize Puzzle" *Northern Messenger*, John Dougall & Son, Montreal.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES—NUMBER 12.

A Long Sleeper.—Coal.

Charade.—Bug-bear.

Primal Acrostic.—1. Melanethon. 2. Antichrist. 3. Reformation. 4. Thuringen. 5. Indulgences; inkstand. 6. Nun. 7. Landgrave. 8. University of Erfurt. 9. Tetzel. 10. Hymns. 11. Eisleben. 12. Relics.—*Martin Luther.*

The Family Circle.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

One new commandment
  Christ gave us for keeping;
That it is broken
  Is reason for weeping:
If it were kept
  All the world would be singing,
For Love is an angel
  True happiness bringing.

"Love one another,"
  A precept all golden!
But these times are modern
  And that word is olden;
And business and pleasure
  So zealous are proving,
That only a few
  Can find leisure for loving.

"Buy in the cheapest mart,
  Sell in the dearest."
"Each for himself alone—
  Self is the nearest."
"Life is a battle,
  Aye won by the strongest"—
These, says the world,
  Are the things that live longest!

Nay! but the heart of man
  Cares for his brother!
More than we think
  Do we love one another.
Self is a tyrant
  We sometimes cast down
And conquer, rejoicing
  Another to crown.

Teach us, O Christ,
  To be constant in loving;
Likeness to Thee
  Through our faithfulness proving.
So to our life
  Shall new raptures be given.
And Love make the earth
  The beginning of heaven.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

THE USE OF IT.

(Mrs. Harriet A. Cheever, in Wide Awake.)

"Come on, Joe; it's a pink of a day for a frolic in the woods. Father's started for the station and I hid until he was off, I was so 'fraid he might leave me something extra to do. But I'm free for all day, so come on, I say!"

"Can't, Ben."

"Why not?"

"I must ride Black Harry around the pasture until he's tired and stops racing; then I'm to ride him along the road as far as the post-office."

"Well, if you must you must," said Ben, "but I'm sorry for a feller who can't have his freedom such a fine day as this. By the way, Joe, did I tell you father's going to buy me a bicycle?"

"You don't say!"

"Yes, true as guns! Can you go to-morrow morning to the woods if it's pleasant?"

"No; got to saw wood."

"Well, I declare! What's the use of a fellow's having to hammer away at something in the way of work all the time? Vacation too!"

"I can do whatever I like all the long afternoons," said Joe a little disconsolately; "but father thinks boys ought to learn to do all sorts of useful things."

"But what's the use?" asked Ben.

"I suppose father knows; and he says I will one of these days if I live. But aren't you the lucky boy to have a bicycle?"

A whoop interrupted them and two or three other boys appeared from around the corner; bright-eyed, active-limbed and fairly dancing with fun and merriment were the new-comers as they accosted Joe and Ben in lively boy fashion:

"Come on, Toodlewigs! Hop around there, Bouncer! We're off for a berry-picking, and our noon meal in the cool shadow of the berry bushes, where we shall dig a hole and roast some 'taters, pop some corn, and have a nice little racket all to ourselves."

"Joe can't go," said Ben; "he's got to ride his majesty, the young Black Harry, round the lot till he's all fagged out, then take him to the Post-office for the mail."

Joe laughed, but told the boys why he must remain on the place for at least two mornings.

"Well, it's too bad," said the merry boys; "but we must be off or the robins will get the berries before we arrive. Day, day, Joe, boy, a nice ride to you!"

Black Harry was a splendid young horse raised on the place; somewhat strong-headed, fleet, but yet trustworthy if judiciously handled, else Dr. Benner had hardly given orders to his only son, fourteen-year-old Joe, to ride him around the lot until he was tired. The boy had been trained to the saddle from a child. He had also been carefully instructed as to the use of axe and saw, and many other tools, also how to load and discharge a gun, to row, and manage a sail boat; and the boy was a capital swimmer.

Dr. Benner was sometimes called an eccentric man, and so perhaps he was; but those who knew the Doctor best considered him more sagacious than peculiar.

Joe's mother had died during his babyhood, and the Doctor realized as he once expressed it, that the boy would most likely be whatever by God's blessing he chose to make him, which he hoped ultimately would be a whole man; so he had set conscientiously to work for that result.

"Well done!" said the Doctor to himself, as pausing on his long round of calls he stopped for a moment at the wide pasture and peeped through the bushes.

"Well done! the boy manages his charger well and no mistake!"

Black Harry was literally tearing with leaps and bounds from one part of the pasture to the other; occasionally a little stump would threaten to impede his progress, but with a frolicsome plunge he would leave it far behind, while the sturdy young rider who sat the animal with perfect ease would now and then draw a tighter rein or speak a word or command, when the bounding creature would obey at once as if in complete sympathy with his master's wishes.

At length, after a long season of headlong speed, Black Harry put on more style, as slackening his pace he arched his long neck, and stepping high and daintily like Puss herself, at a signal from Joe, he easily leaped the low strip fence and pranced along the road in the direction of the Post-office.

Joe received the mail, and soon after stood watching his father in the study as he began examining his letters.

One missive proved to be a circular; and as Dr. Benner opened it, there appeared before Joe's longing eyes pictures of bicycles of most attractive form and style, the slender wheels seeming almost to roll and move. Joe spoke:

"Oh, father, how I do wish I could have a bicycle!"

"Well, why don't you have one, my son?"

"Are you really willing I should?" asked Joe delightedly.

"Certainly, my boy."

"And when may I get it?"

"Just as soon as you can earn it."

Joe's countenance fell. It had been a comparatively easy thing earning his money for the Fourth of July which was close at hand, as so many farmers had been glad of extra help during the early haying; but to earn the sum required to purchase a first-class bicycle—really that was too bad of his father.

"Ben Low's father is going to give him a bicycle," said Joe experimentally. "I think he's a wonderfully lucky fellow."

"Yes, I should think he was," said the Doctor without looking up from his reading.

"And Ben has all day to himself to spend as he likes," added Joe.

"When Ben gets his bicycle, you let me know how many hands high it is, will you?" said the Doctor dreamily.

"Yes, indeed I will!" Joe answered eagerly.

"And his father gives him no tasks, eh?"

"Well"—Joe hesitated—"Ben did say he hid until his father left the house this morning, for fear he might leave him a task."

"My son!" Dr. Benner suddenly woke up, his voice ringing, his glance sharp as a needle:

"My son! if for any reason I neglect to give you a task in the morning during your vacation or at any time hereafter, and you see anything you think ought to be done, I wish to feel I can rely on you to do it. I suppose I can trust you!"

"Yes, father, I think you can, I'm sure I want you to," he added with boyish sincerity.

"Very well," was the abrupt rejoinder; "by being faithful in little things, you may in time reap large rewards—and you may not. At all events an approving conscience will be found an exceeding benefit; but don't forget when Ben Low's father buys his bicycle to let me know just how many hands high it is. I shall be interested to hear," he added dryly.

Joe was vaguely conscious that his father's tone was a little incredulous, or mocking, or something of the kind; but he could not quite divine it, and soon forgot the impression entirely.

There was to be a convention of medical men in a city thirty miles distant on the third of July. Excursion tickets were placed within the means of all wishing to avail themselves of an opportunity to profit by the occasion. Eminent physicians from all parts of the State would meet to compare facts and experiences well worth the hearing of those interested in medical lore or surgical skill.

Dr. Benner was to leave home on Wednesday morning, the third, expecting with many others to return on the afternoon of the Fourth of July; and on the next day, the fifth, the Doctor had been planning for a long time to take Black Harry to a Cattle Show and Horse Fair, and place the beautiful animal on exhibition for the day.

This time the Doctor left no extra tasks for Joe, remarking that as he was to have a holiday trip himself, Joe might pass the time as he thought best, providing nothing unforeseen should occur to demand his attention.

Straightway the merry boys fell to planning a grand picnic to take place on the Fourth. Fire crackers and punk had been purchased in abundance at the village store. Mrs. Merriam, Dr. Benner's housekeeper, was to make biscuit, chocolate cake, frosted cake and doughnuts, the other boys providing sandwiches, boiled eggs, lemons and sugar. And Joe and his friends went to bed in good season on Wednesday night in anticipation of the next day's sport.

Thursday was bright and beautiful. Joe felt in no haste as the party was not to start very early. He ate his breakfast leisurely, then packed his basket, and having bade Mrs. Merriam a joyous "good-bye," started out to meet the other boys.

He sped over the lawn in front of the house, and was darting across the pasture when a loud whinny close by caused him to stop a moment. Black Harry came slowly up, then mutely held up one hoof from which the shoe was hanging nearly off.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Joe impatiently, "I can't help you, old boy, indeed I can't—I can't!" he repeated despairingly as the exact situation forced itself upon him with vexing rapidity.

John, the Doctor's man, had already availed himself of Dr. Benner's permission to make a little visit on his own account, expecting to meet his master at the depot in the afternoon. The only other man, a farm hand, was not to be trusted with the romping Harry, and Joe knew only too well it would be a great disappointment to his father should anything prevent his taking the horse to the Fair early the next morning.

What could be done!

The blacksmith was two miles away, and a horse could almost never be shod short of an hour, and oftener not for two or three hours after reaching the smithy's, unless taken early in the morning, "and it'll be just the same Fourth o' July or no Fourth o' July!" said poor Joe desperately.

What could be done!

To give up the picnic and his Fourth of July—his Independence Day frolic—just for Black Harry's shoe seemed too hard to contemplate for a moment; and just then a "whoop-a-la," burst on the lad's ear and there was Ben Low and the rest of the party, baskets in hand, all ready for a start.

Instantly there flashed through Joe's mind a recollection of the decided words his father had spoken only a few days before, about relying on him to do anything he thought ought to be done whether the task was given him or not; the sight of Ben Low had seemed somehow to revive the conversation, and on the instant he also remembered his father's permission to pass his time as he thought best, provided nothing unforeseen should occur to demand his attention.

And although his father had allowed that reward might possibly attend the faithful performance of duty, Joe was too much accustomed to obeying from principle to do so from any other motive.

There was a sharp, brief conflict; then Joe turned resolutely towards his friends:

"I can't go, boys."

"Why? Why? Why, I should like to know?" cried one of his companions.

"Do not my ears deceive my eyesight!" exclaimed another tragically.

But the facts were briefly explained, and the disgusted boys finally convinced that Joe was in earnest.

(To be Continued.)

THE ROYAL SILVER WEDDING.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND THEIR CHILDREN.

The beautiful group of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children which we give our readers on another page is the second the *Messenger* has had of this Royal family. How alike they are, and yet how different, for the little curly headed youngest, Maud, who peeps from behind her mother is now a tall young lady of nearly nineteen, and the slender, thoughtful, long-haired boy who sits at his mother's knee appears a stalwart young man already three years past his majority.

But the life of all the Royal family of Great Britain is too familiar to our readers for them to need more than a rapid sketch of this branch. The Prince himself was born in November 1841 and was educated in the army. His first great public journey was his visit to Canada in 1860, which the older of our readers will still remember. In 1862 he visited the Holy Land, and on the 10th of March married the beautiful Danish Princess Alexandra, who speedily became and still remains the most popular woman in England. Her devotion to her children has long been a matter of history, Until this gentle woman set the fashion it was far more common for titled English ladies to have their pet dogs as their companions on their drives than their children.

Albert Victor, the heir to the throne was born on the 8th of January, 1864, and Prince George in June, 1865. The former following in his father's footsteps was brought up a soldier, while Prince George is the sailor of the family. Of the daughters, the Princess Louise just attained her majority on the 20th of February last; the Princess Victoria was born on the 28th of July, 1868, and so is not quite twenty; while the Princess Maud was born on the 26th of November, 1869 and is consequently only half-past eighteen. During the severe illness of the Prince of Wales in the winter of 1871-2, with the Queen far from young and his eldest son still only a boy, the country passed through a time of sorrow and anxiety that will not soon be forgotten. The Indian adventures of the Prince can not even be mentioned here, a whole volume having been devoted to that one chapter of his life. The social duties of the Prince of Wales are numberless, he is simply one of the busiest men in the whole empire.

The hundreds of gifts received by the Princess on her silver wedding-day testified to the love and esteem she calls forth from those around her. One or two of these is all we can mention. Three hundred and sixty-five ladies personally acquainted with her presented her with a tiara of diamonds, the Emperor and Empress of Germany sent her a magnificent necklace of sapphires and diamonds, her sons and daughters clubbed together and presented their parents with silver statuettes of their favorite riding horses, and the Prince himself gave the Princess a cross set in diamonds and rubies and a clock containing around the dial, instead of the usual numerals, the letters of his own name, Albert Edward. The family gathering on this occasion was one of the largest of the Royal family held for many years and, but for the death of the Emperor William and the sad illness of the Emperor Frederick would have been one of the most joyful as well.

THE FRIEND OF ANIMALS.

The noblest monument that can ever be raised to the memory of any man is the work he leaves behind him, and this, in no modified degree, can be said of the late Henry Bergh. Twenty-two years ago, when the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was organized in New York, one could not walk the streets of that city without being daily and almost hourly sickened with sights of the terrible sufferings of dumb animals inflicted by the brutality of men. Cats straying from the homes of their owners had tin cans tied to their tails and were hunted to death; stray dogs were tortured to madness; half-starved horses were harnessed to loads that were too heavy for the strongest, well-cared animal, and then kicked and beaten with clubs because they were not able to pull them; cock-fights and dog-fights were as common as daylight and if they did not receive the sanction of the law certainly they did not get from it any condemnation; horses, old and infirm from long service, were turned out on the roadside to starve instead of being mercifully shot; cattle were brought to market hundreds of miles in cars crowded almost to suffocation, where the weaker ones fell and were gored or trampled to death by the stronger.

All this Henry Bergh noted in his youth and greatly deplored, for he was powerless to prevent it. If he, with more courage than most of his fellows, ventured to remonstrate with a man who was furiously kicking a weak, sick horse, or a butcher ill-treating an animal which he himself had goaded to madness, he was admonished by the human brute in no very gentle terms to "mind his own business, the animal was his own and he should do as he pleased with it." That a man has no right to do as he pleases with his own property unless he pleases to do right is a lesson that humanity in all ages has been slow to learn.

Henry Bergh was born in New York, in 1823, of German parents. His father and grandfather were well known ship builders, and on the death of the former the business fell into the hands of himself and his brother. But Henry proved to be more of a literary than of a mechanical turn of mind and, in 1842, the ship yard was broken up and the partnership dissolved. Having an independent fortune of his own he desired to travel, and after his marriage to the daughter of a wealthy Englishman then living in New York he went abroad, travelled for some time and finally settled down in the Rhine country, near the old home of the Berghs. During these years he dabbled considerably in literature and wrote a number of dramas, poems and tales.

In 1862, while he was still in Europe, he was appointed Secretary to the American Legation at St. Petersburg, but was obliged, two years afterwards, to resign the appointment on account of ill health. Returning by way of England he made the acquaintance there, among many other distinguished men, of the Earl of Harrowby, at that time President of the great Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in London, which had then been many years in operation and, doubtless, from him obtained many practical hints which he was later to prove so successful in working out on this side of the water.

In 1864 Mr. Bergh returned to New York, and the next year the society which will ever keep his name in remembrance was organized, with himself as its president, and to it since has been given the best years of his active life as well as his very considerable fortune. In 1866 statutes were passed, largely through his instrumentality, giving him the right, without which he could do almost nothing, to arrest and prosecute any one whom he or any member of the society should find abusing the smallest dumb animal. What that society has since accomplished is too well known to need any details here. But better than stopping all the hitherto commonly practised cruelty through fear of fine or imprisonment, it has taught men that from even the sometimes selfish motive of economy it is better to treat their animals kindly than otherwise. Cattle brought to market by careful drovers, who do not allow them to become overheated or injured by the way, bring higher prices than animals driven in the old way, and there is twice the satisfaction to be got from a horse that is well fed and carefully driven, that there is with one that is weak and half starved and has to be urged to his work with shouts and blows. The fight to attain all this was long and severe, but long before his death Mr. Bergh had the satisfaction of knowing that the principles of his society had been adopted and were in active operation in almost every populous community throughout the country.

But Mr. Bergh's work did not stop with the animals. In 1873 he arrested a man for cruelty to a little girl and out of this incident grew the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, a society which has done and is doing the noblest work.

In 1871 Louis Bonard, a wealthy Frenchman, left the society the handsome bequest of $150,000 which enabled the society to greatly extend its work and move to its present commodious quarters on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second street.

In person Mr. Bergh was tall and spare, with sharp features, high forehead and light blue eyes, with usually so sad an expression as to win for him the title of "The Knight of the Rueful Countenance." He died on the 12th of March, just when the great blizzard was raging most fiercely. His will bequeaths part of his property to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and requests his nephew, also Henry Bergh, to devote his life to the work.

HENRY BERGH.

SAM'S "LIVING EPISTLE."

BY MYRA H. ALFORD.

Deacon Sterns had four boys: John, Samuel, Abner, and Peter. Every Sabbath they occupied the third pew from the front in the old Presbyterian Church at Fulton. John and Abner and little Peter usually came in together, then the frail mother and the portly Deacon arrived, and later, after the family were all comfortably seated, in would come the disturbing member of the family, Sam. Then the skirmishing generally began; for Sam, big boy that he was, claimed the seat next to his mother, and the people in the surrounding pews could not help smiling to see how he managed it. Sometimes, it was by coaxing, sometimes by shoving, and one memorable Sabbath he sat right down in John's lap to everybody's amusement. It was Sam who fixed the foot-stool for mamma's feet, and who found the places for her in the hymn-book; but when the sermon began he was far too busy reading his library-book, or whispering softly to John, or making signs to Fred Reed across pews, or planning some piece of mischief to pay much attention.

The good deacon lost his patience regularly, each Sabbath, and it was only when Sam felt his mother's dear little hand steal gently in his that quiet would at last reign in the deacon's pew.

"Sam," Mrs. Sterns often said on the way home from church, "if you would only listen to the sermon, my son!" but he didn't.

Sabbath after Sabbath passed, spent just the same way. At one communion season Deacon Sterns and his wife experienced the great joy of seeing their eldest son, John, come out on the Lord's side; and at another little Abner professed Christ; but Sam held back.

Deacon Sterns told his wife "He didn't believe that boy ever had a serious thought."

The mother knew better. "He has the warmest, tenderest heart of them all, father," she replied, "not one of our boys has so many friends," and then the faintest pink glowed in Mrs. Stern's fair cheeks; for how dear Sam was to her only a mother can know.

The deacon heard from the same lips, now and then, how helpful Sam was, how devoted to little Peter; but the good man invariably thought his wife was mistaken. He told his friend about Sam's mischief, until he really convinced himself that the boy was incorrigible. And certainly that had been an unusual winter in the way of mischief even for Sam. Early in the season, he had broken two big store windows, throwing stones, so that all his spending money had been needed to repair damages. If it hadn't been for mamma's thought for him, but then, mamma always did think, and whatever she did was so quietly done. Then in November, Sam had defended a small boy against a great big fellow, and had come home so knocked up that father who was talking to the minister at the door didn't recognize his own son. Two long weeks Sam had to be absent from school mending from that affair. And Hallow E'en! Never did six boys enjoy a better frolic than Sam and his friends on that night.

As I said before, it had been an unusual winter; but through it all mamma had never lost patience with him. Over and over again Sam determined to do better for her sake. It was this great love for his mother that put the idea in his mind to go to prayer-meeting a certain Wednesday evening. He did not say a word to her on the subject; but he told all his five boy friends that he intended going that night, and he stayed at home and learned his lessons in the afternoon. Sam watched his mother working up to the meeting, as the boy called it, all day, just as some people would to go to a party or a concert. I'm working up to it, too, thought Sam. Mother and I! And a queer sense of comfort took possession of him in following in her footsteps.

When Deacon Sterns and his wife started for church that evening, they left the four boys as usual poring over their studies, around the big dining-room table. No sooner had the hall door shut, however, than Sam slipped away too.

It was after the first prayer that six boys stole softly in. So softly that Deacon Sterns never noticed them; but his wife did. Just one heart cry went straight up to God for her boy. And the minister saw them. Perhaps never did the good man preach more eloquently than he did that Wednesday night. His theme was, "The Love of Jesus;" that it was not to the righteous, but sinners, that the Son of God came. Why? Because poor, sin-sick souls needed him. As an illustration of Christ's love the minister spoke of the tenderest love we can know here on earth, that of a mother for her child; and he added, "The love of Jesus for a poor, lost sinner, is even greater than a mother's love."

Sam's attention was riveted. He could appreciate that illustration. Through the line of faces he could see mamma's with the patient look always there. A great love came surging through the boy's very being for Christ. It was then that Sam accepted the Saviour.

Before the meeting closed there was an invitation given, to any who desired to converse with the minister on the subject of their soul's salvation, to remain. Afterwards, the doxology was sung and the people began to disperse. Deacon Sterns was putting on his overcoat, when his wife's hand touched his shoulder, and then he saw that mother, for some reason, was deeply affected, and, for the first time, he noticed those six boys waiting. "The Lord be praised!" ejaculated the Deacon, while Mrs. Sterns and Fred Reed's mother passed quietly out together—two such thankful mothers.

Later, the minister told his wife about the wonderful testimony Sam Sterns had given that night to the power of a Christian mother's life. "Truly," said the good man, "Sam's mother has been to her a boy living epistle."—*Presbyterian Observer.*

HOW DOES IT COMPARE?

Six hundred millions of dollars are spent every year by the people of the United States for tobacco, and but five and a half millions for the spread of the kingdom of God. How few young men ever realize that by giving up one cigar they have it in their power to deduct its value from the six hundred million devoted to King Tobacco, and to add that amount to the five and a half million for King Jesus. Olshausen maintains that there is but one idea in the Lord's Prayer; and this idea permeates it from "Our Father" to "Amen." It is expressed in the petition "Thy kingdom come." Yet I may say, "Thy kingdom come" a thousand times without praying it once, for prayer is not a mere repetition; it is the offering up of our desires unto God. Now how strong is my desire that God's kingdom may come? How does it compare with my desire for money? Suppose we test it with the smallest coin issued by the Government. Is it stronger than my desire for one cent? If so, it is prayer; and if every Christian in the country were to pray "Thy kingdom come" morning and evening, and were to take out of his pocket one cent each time and consecrate it to the evangelization of the world, he would not only have offered up a real prayer, and one that the infinite God would surely answer, but there would be given in this way alone every year seventy-two million dollars, or more than twelve times the amount contributed to foreign and domestic missions by the people of the United States. If some such plan as this were adopted, what a change would take place in our missionary operations at home and abroad. What a lengthening of the cords and strengthening of the stakes in India, China and Japan.—*Rev. Robert H. Barr, in Christian Intelligencer.*

PRINCESS VICTORIA. PRINCESS LOUISE. PRINCESS MAY'D. H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES. H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES. PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR. PRINCE GEORGE

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND THEIR CHILDREN.

THE SWALLOWS' INGENUITY.

A swallow's nest, built in the west corner of a window facing the north, was so much softened by the rain beating against it that it was rendered unfit to support the superincumbent load of pretty full-grown swallows. During a storm the nest fell into the lower corner of the window, leaving the young brood exposed to all the fury of the blast. To save the little creatures from an untimely death, the owner of the house benevolently caused a covering to be thrown over them till the severity of the storm was past. No sooner had it subsided, than the sages of the colony assembled, fluttering round the window, and hovering over the temporary covering of the fallen nest. As soon as the careful anxiety was observed the covering was removed and the utmost joy was evinced by the group on finding the young ones alive and unhurt. After feeding them, the members of this assembled community, arranging themselves into working order, each division taking its appropriate station, commenced instantly to work; and before nightfall they had jointly completed an arched canopy over the young brood in the corner where they lay, and securely covered them against a succeeding blast. Calculating the time occupied by them in performing this piece of architecture, it appeared evident that the young must have perished from cold and hunger before any single pair could have executed half the job.—*Uncle John's Anecdotes.*

ALL CAN HELP.

A negro woman attending a missionary meeting in one of the West Indian Islands was much struck with an illustration given by a missionary just come out from England, who told his audience how greatly a swarm of bees had once helped our British and Foreign Bible Society. He told the people how that they had so labored and increased as to raise £30 to send the Word of God to the heathen. She listened also with much interest to his story of the cherry tree, the fruit of which, consecrated to the Church Missionary Society, had added many pounds to its funds. Next morning she said to herself, "what can me do?" The old negro woman kept a few fowls, and before going to work she caught one of the finest pullets, sewed a bit of scarlet cloth round its right foot, and addressing a few kindly words to her captive, she said: "Dere, Sissay, you do belong to de Missionary Society, hear ye, all for your eggs and all for your chicken, dey belong to de Missionary Society, hear ye. Dere, go about your business." So, you see, the poor old negro woman soon found a way of helping on the Lord's work.

THE NECK OF THE GIRAFFE.

In spite of its enormous length it only possesses the seven vertebræ which are common to nearly all the mammals. In consequence it is nearly as inflexible as a wooden bar of equal length, so that the pretty pictures which represent giraffes curving their necks gracefully after the manner of swans, are ludicrously wrong. "But," said the objectors, "if it had so long and inflexible a neck it could not graze, and being a ruminant animal, would die of hunger." It is quite true that it cannot graze. It can only lower its head near the ground by spreading its forelegs as widely as possibly and drawing its hind legs under them, thus presenting a most ludicrous aspect. In its native state it never, as far as I know, even attempts to lower its head to the ground, but in captivity it can be induced to do so by laying on the ground a large lump of sugar, of which it is inordinately fond. The fact is that it is intended to graze, not on the ground, but on the leaves of trees. The acacia or mimosa, is its favorite tree, and the Dutch colonists have in consequence called the acacia by the name of "kameeldorn"—*i. e.*, camel thorn, they invariably giving the name of "camel" to the giraffe. This mode of feeding involves another anomalous structure. This is the tongue in which the giraffe is almost as much dependent as is the elephant on its proboscis. It is possessed of wonderful powers of extension and contraction, and can be narrowed until it almost resembles the corresponding organ of the ant-eater. The peculiar powers of the tongue can well be seen when the animal takes the sugar from the ground. It does not attempt to seize the sugar with its lips, but protrudes its tongue to its fullest extent, twists the narrow tip around the sugar, and so draws the coveted dainty into its mouth. When it feeds on the trees it picks off leaf after leaf quite daintily, selecting those which are most to its taste. —*Good Words.*

BIRDS THAT SEW.

Birds that sew—how funny! But it is true. I know of three little birds that can sew, and sew nicely, too.

For thread, two of the birds use a long tough grass that will bend without breaking. The other—the tailor bird—makes its own thread. In place of a needle they all use feet and bill.

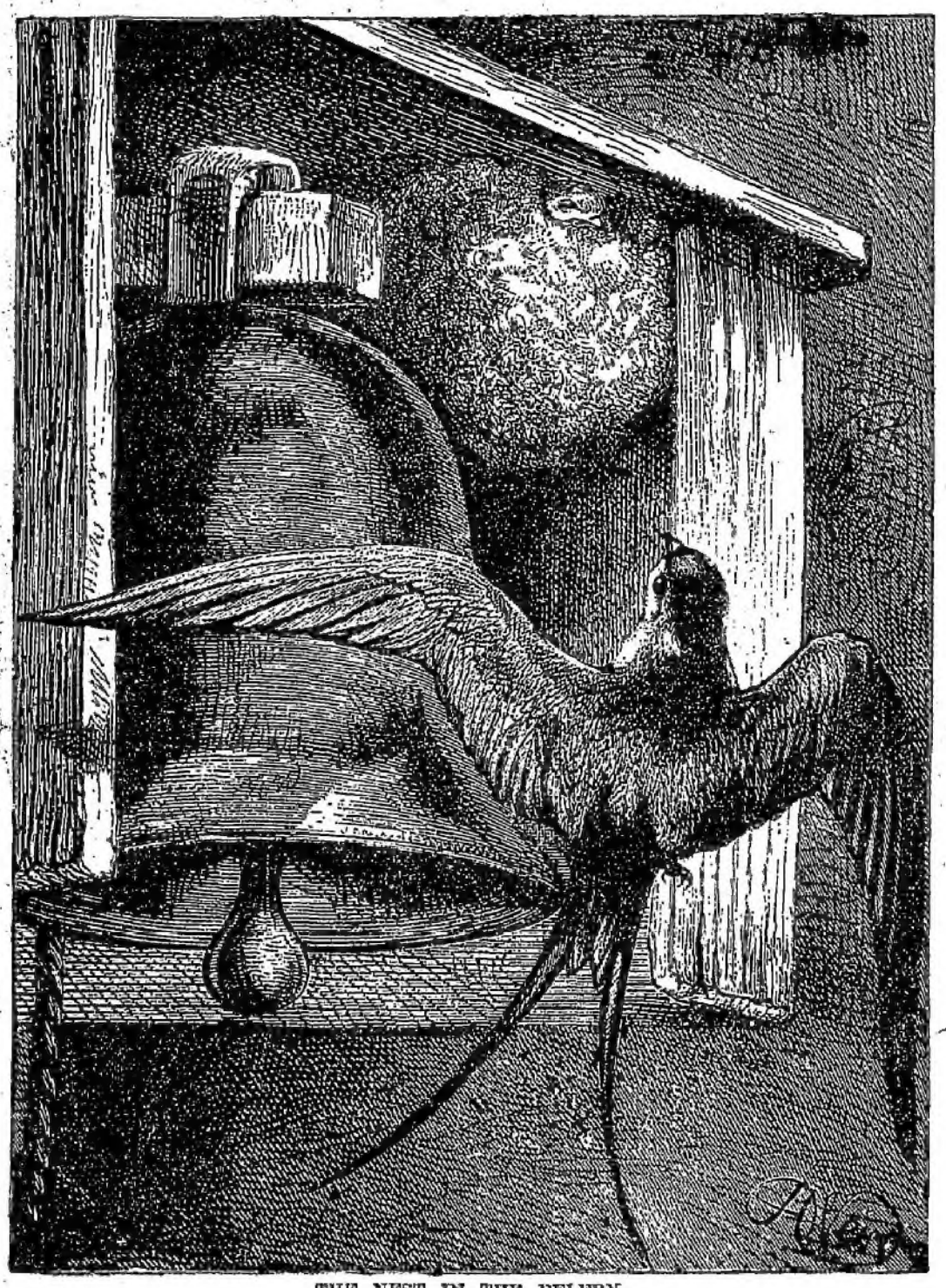
One of the sewing-birds is found in our own country, and is called the orchard-starling. It hangs its nest from the twigs of an apple tree, and this is the way the bird makes the nest: the outside wall of the nest is built of long tough grass which they sew through and through, with threads of grass, in and out in all directions, just as if done with a needle. This the bird does by means of its bill and feet. A lady once carefully drew out one of these long grass threads from a nest and then measured it. She found it to be fourteen inches long; and the bird had sewed it in and out of its nest thirty-five times.

In the West Indies lives another kind of starling. This bird cuts leaves into a shape like a quarter of an orange-rind, and then sews them neatly to the underside of a banana-leaf—the leaf forming one side of the nest. It waves with the wind and no one dreams that a nest is there.

But the smartest little bird is the one that makes its own thread. It is called the tailor-bird because it sews so nicely. It builds its nest in a plant with large leaves. Then it gathers cotton, and by means of its long, fine bill and little slender feet, spins its cotton into a thread; it uses its bill as a needle to carry the thread and sews the large leaves together so as to completely hide its nest from sight. The spot looks to be all green leaves. There is no nest in sight anywhere. But the mother bird sits safely inside on her eggs. —*Our Little Men and Women.*

HOW TO LIGHT A LAMP WITH A SNOWBALL.

The *National Educator* gives the following three curious experiments, which may not be new to the professional chemist, but will be of interest to the chemist student. When a small piece of potassium the size of half a grain of corn is dropped into a tumblerful of water some of the oxygen of the water leaves its hydrogen, owing to the intense heat which the chemical action produces, and combines with the metallic potassium, causing a violet bluish flame. When the piece of potassium is placed on the wick of a coil-oil or alcohol lamp the flame produced by touching the potassium with a bit of snow or ice or a drop of water will inflame it. Fire under water can be produced by placing a small piece of phosphorous in a conically-shaped glass filled with water and some crystals of chlorate of potash covering the phosphorous, and then pouring through a long tube funnel, or a glass tube, a few drops of sulphuric acid down on the mixture at the bottom of the glass. Tongues of flame can be seen flashing up through the water. The intense chemical action produces sufficient heat to inflame the phosphorous under water. Where there is sufficient heat and oxygen fire will burn, whether in air or water. The force of steam boiler explosions can be illustrated by getting a tube made by a tinsmith, say half an inch in diameter, and closed at one end. Put a piece of ice the size of a cherry, or half a teaspoonful of water, into the tube and cork the open end tightly. Suspend the tube over a flame, so that the ice melts and is converted into steam. The cork will be forced out with a loud explosion. Candle bombs held over a flame will explode in a similar manner. Water will produce 1,700 times its volume of steam.—*Scientific American.*



THE NEST IN THE BELFRY.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

"The Audubon Society for the Protection of Birds" was founded in New York City, February, 1886. The registered membership of the society was 42,246, Nov. 30, 1886. Its purpose is the protection of American birds not used for food, from destruction, for mercantile purposes. Its imperative need is outlined somewhat by the following statements:

The destruction of our birds has increased at a rate which seriously threatens the utter extinction of some species.

A few figures may give some slight idea of the slaughter. A single collector brought back from a three months' trip 11,000 skins; from one small district on Long Island come 70,000 in four months' time. One firm had on hand, Feb. 1st, 200,000. One contract from a New York firm to a Paris firm was to supply 40,000 American bird skins. In London there were sold, in three months, from one auction room, 760,853 skins. These figures tell the pitiful story of many a deserted hedge or silent grove, once vocal with song.

What lover of nature has not noted this silence, and, perhaps, not known the cause. It matters not if the bird be a useful one, which devours the hurtful insects, or a beautiful plumaged songster, whose coming is so welcome. Everything that wears feathers is killed, and this work is carried on chiefly by men and boys, who sell the skin plumage for what? Principally for the trimming of women's hats, bonnets and clothing. As one has said, "Some human people turn away, sick and disgusted, from the sight of a hat ornamented (?) with clusters of these lovely little creatures, grouped to look almost life-like enough to wail out their own anguish."

The object of this Society is threefold, as seen by the terms of membership. Ostrich feathers and those of domestic fowls exempted. In no case will a certificate of membership be issued before the receipt of the signed pledges. The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, no dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY PLEDGES.

PLEDGE No. 1.—I pledge myself not to kill, wound nor capture any wild bird not used for food so long as I remain a member of the Audubon Society; and I promise to discourage and prevent, so far as I can, the killing, wounding or capture of birds by others.

PLEDGE No. 2.—I pledge myself not to rob, destroy, nor in any way disturb or injure, the nest or eggs of any wild bird, so long as I remain a member of the Audubon Society; and I promise to discourage and prevent, so far as I can, such injury by others.

PLEDGE No. 3.—I pledge myself not to make use of the feathers of any wild bird as ornaments of dress or household furniture, and by every means in my power to discourage the use of feathers for decorative purposes.

I.....of.....State of.....
hereby subscribe to above pledges Nos.....
Witness my hand this....day of.....A. D. 1888.
(Signed) .....

—*Golden Rule.*

DO YOU EXHORT in prayer meeting? Be short and be spirited. Do you teach in Bible-class? Though you have to study every night, be interesting. Do you accost people on the subject of religion in their homes or in public places? Study adroitness and use common sense. The most graceful and most beautiful thing on earth is the religion of Jesus Christ, and if you awkwardly present it, it is defamation. We must do our work rapidly, and we must do it effectively. Soon our time for work will be gone.—*Talmage.*

TEACHERS AND TEMPERANCE.

Every country school ought to be organized into a Loyal Legion. The meetings could be held bi-weekly, Friday, after school. The children are there, all that is wanting is an earnest leader who is *willing* to devote a short time to temperance instruction, song, anecdote and story. The organization can be carried on with little labor under such conditions. Very few teachers would do this; either they are physically unable to take any added burden, or they are passive to the temperance cause. "Where there's a will there's a way," and one case comes to mind where a Loyal Legion numbering one hundred and forty members is carried on according to the plan above, in a union school. The president is one of the primary teachers, a young lady rather frail but possessing great executive ability and zeal. She is assisted by the ladies of the village.

Not long since from deep in the earth a rock was taken upon which was traced the delicate leaves of a fern. Perhaps a million years ago that little fern gave up its life, and by the process of petrifaction its frail beauty in every line and curve is preserved to-day.

The teacher's influence upon the child's mind is something like that little fern. The infant mind is easily impressed and the teacher who holds up to his primary class the evils of profanity, intoxicating drink, and tobacco, may find in eternity that his teaching influenced the eternal destiny of his pupil.

The children of the immigrant attend school. They become Americanized—their parents never. We cannot expect to convert the beer-loving foreigner to temperance ideas, but his children ought to be taught total abstinence. The parents are jealous of our Sunday schools and temperance legions, preferring to attend churches of their own language, therefore the only medium for temperance teaching is the public school.—*J. R. Van Anken, in "Household."*

FOUR MAINE BOYS.

Thirty years ago I know, in the town of G——, in Maine, two brothers whose identity I will disguise under the names of Willard and Langdon Newman. In the same town I knew also two boys, not brothers, whom I will call Charles Smallman and George Winfast. The two former were sons of a farmer; the two latter sons of master mechanics. The farmer lived in the outskirts of the town, in the wild country, which rendered them plebeians; the latter in the village, which made them patricians, as boys saw those things.

From the time they were nine and ten years of age, Willard and Langdon had to assist in the farm-work in summer-time and therefore could not attend school. They worked at planting and hoeing and haying, from five in the morning until eight or nine at night in the longest days. In the winter, for a few years more, ten weeks at school was possible, for which they walked nearly a mile, going home for dinner between twelve and one.

When the civil war came on, times were hard in those Maine country towns. Willard and Langdon by 1863 were compelled to leave school and go into the forests to cut and haul wood. At fourteen the latter used to yoke his oxen before light on those short winter mornings, drive into the woods through snow from two to four feet deep, load a cord of wood, heavy sticks four feet long, and haul it to the railway station a mile distant. This he would do four times a day, frequently eating his dinner on a stump with the thermometer at zero. But all this time these two boys were occupying their few spare moments in improving their minds. Their evenings were passed around the great fireplace where they studied their books and read weekly papers. I have seen one or the other of them sitting on an ox-sled of a cold winter day reading the newspaper. Occasionally, in the fall, they would still attend a part-term at the academy, and thus amid hardships and privations prepared themselves to be teachers.

They had brown faces, big, rough hands, and wore old clothes, frequently much patched, and in summer went "barefoot," in winter wore great heavy cow-hide boots.

The village boys, Charles and George, were little dandies. Their parents supported them in idleness. They had every opportunity to attend school, an opportunity which they improved but little. They "looked down" on the farmer-boys, made fun of their old clothes, called them "Shadageeites," and because they were known to be studious, nicknamed Langdon "Little Wisdom." So every time he went to the village George and Charles would call out to him: "Hello, Little Wisdom, how are things over in Shadagee; Taters all dug?" or something equally tantalizing.

At last hard times overtook the two patricians. One lost his father, and the father of the other failed, and they had to go to work. They had not education enough to enable them to enter on any of the more "genteel" pursuits, and no trades. When I visited the town last summer both were trying to scrape a living out of little rocky farms. They were as poor, and ragged, and dirty as ever the Shadagee boys were.

And where were the Shadagee boys, do you ask? Willard, a graduate of a Maine college, is now a successful principal of an academy in his native State. Langdon has already attained high rank in one of the professions, has written several successful books, lectured before large audiences, travelled north, south, east and west and in Europe. He has been elected to positions of honor and responsibility in a large New England city. And this is "Little Wisdom," as his wife sometimes jokingly calls him.

Willard and Langdon improved their small opportunities. George and Charles neglected their great opportunities.—*W. S. Nevins, in March Wide Awake.*

ONE FACE of exceeding importance in training children should not be overlooked. We are so much creatures of habit that a child trained to constantly attend church on the Sabbath will, at least, always retain the impression that the best and legitimate way of using Sunday morning is to go to church and use the time as consecrated time. It has often been argued that children obliged to attend divine service against their will, will conceive a dislike for the place and eventually shun it when free to act their own pleasure. To this a skilful writer asks: "Will a child always hate learning because sometimes obliged to go to school? and what wise or judicious parent would allow a child to follow its own inclinations in the matter of attending school or staying away? Why not treat this matter of church going on the part of the children the same as the matter of attending school is treated?"—*Christian at Work.*

Question Corner.—No. 12.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

39. What prophet foretold a prophet should appear in the spirit and power of Elijah before Christ came, and about how long was it before the prophecy was fulfilled?

40. How came the saying to go abroad, after Christ had risen, that his disciples had stolen his body away while the guard slept?

Address all answers "Bible Questions" *Northern Messenger* John Dougall & Son, Montreal. Write only on one side of the paper and sign full name and address.

NEW PRIZES.

There has been such a demand for our premium books offered for two new subscriptions that our stock, though unusually large, quite ran out, and in the whole country we could not supply their place, so were obliged to send to England. The new books have arrived now and are larger and handsomer than the last and will, of course, go much faster, so if our young workers want to secure them they had better send early. Read over the prize list again, with this addition, and see what you may secure by a very little effort. These story books are strongly bound in cloth with rich floral designs on the covers, and are by some of the best authors. In no other way could you secure them at so small a cost.

WHAT OUR SUBSCRIBERS SAY.

A little girl from St. John, N.B., writes:

"I thought I would drop you a few lines and tell you how much I have appreciated your little paper the *Northern Messenger* of late. I have been sick for a long time and have never valued your paper so much before. I have now taken it for five years, ever since I was seven, and would not give it up for anything. Next year I mean to get more subscribers if my health permits. I would have got more this year were it not that I have been taken sick. If you would please send me a copy of the *Weekly Witness* next time the *Messenger* comes I will try and get subscribers to it.

Please do not put this in the paper or if you do don't put my name."

A boy writes from Winnipeg:—

Thank you much for the book you sent, "Ben Hur" which I received all right, also your letter saying you had not the book I asked for, so I should like if you will please send me instead "Fast in the Ice." I am a little boy ten years old, and live with mamma and papa in Winnipeg, and I will do all I can to get subscribers for the *Witness* and *Messenger*. I like the *Messenger* very much, and mamma says she would miss the *Witness* like an old friend if she gave up taking it, but she does not intend doing that. I am already getting subscribers for another prize which I shall send soon.

One of our older subscribers writes from Michigan:—

I received your postal and book (a prize) with much thanks. I have read it through and can say it is the most interesting little book that I have got hold of since I have been in this place. I do *not* get much time to write or read for I have so much other work. I have the station work to look after, and a good deal of it takes a great deal of writing. But when I began to read the book I could not stop until I got through with it, and I thank you very much for it and hope that my subscribers to the *Messenger* will be pleased with their investment. I like the paper well and will send you all the names I can of those who would like to have it. Money is so very scarce now that they do not wish to spend it in good reading, but I fear they often spend it in something that will not profit them half so much.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the international Post Office orders at their post-office can get, instead, a Post Office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N. Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and to subscribers.

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5. THE PREP OF DAY.
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